

reply, strike at both. Let those of us who cannot aid in exciting insurrections, labor with untiring and systematic zeal to obtain the control of the Republican party. It is not half so difficult to abolitionize that party as most of us suppose. The great majority of its voters, I believe, are already true-hearted anti-slavery men. They support it only for want of a more radical organization. They do so, however, as if under protest, taking no really earnest interest in it. Hence we find in its present platform a resolution branding the martyr of Virginia as a criminal,—which, although, as we are told, it was received without applause, and with an ominous silence, the politicians nevertheless managed to pass. But think you that the masses of the Republicans regard your father as other than a man of most heroic soul and stainless integrity, who did what we all approved and silently were yearning to see done? If I were with you, I would urge the organization of a party of *Practical Abolitionists*, whose duty it shall be not to advocate the doctrines of the Declaration, (which is the office of our noble friends, the Garrisonians, and the Gerritt Smith men,) but to devise methods and policies of putting them into operation,—of translating them into historical facts.

For myself, I have finished, I believe, my advocacy of the doctrines of the Declaration. Henceforth, I shall regard them as self-evident truths that require no argument to support them; and I shall devote myself to the dissemination of *methods of abolition*, and also, I hope, to the work itself, when your father's successor shall be called on to take the field. None of us may have the privilege that your father's fate bestowed on him, of being martyred for the faith that is in us; but at least, we may devote ourselves so to the cause, that although we may not share his mode of death, we may win the undisputed title of deserving it.

Four victories were to be won, ere the American slave was to be freed—Bunker Hill, Harper's Ferry, a successful insurrection in one State, and then liberty peacefully effected throughout all the land. Two have already been achieved; let us hasten forward to the third; and God speed the Pike!

Ever and forever your friend,

JAMES REDPATH.

We have with us to-day, in person, a man whom the United States Senate has chosen to honor by imprisonment in the national slave-pen at Washington. He has proven that Endurance has her victories as well as Force. In my hand I hold a communication from one who has also proven, in resisting by other means that same iniquitous mandate, that one man in the right is stronger than an organized wrong. I allude to Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, and Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord. The first is here bodily; the second, spiritually, and has placed himself in rapport with us by means of this letter:—

Concord, July 1, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If it were in any way convenient for me, I should certainly be present at your family gathering, and the appropriate celebration of the 4th of July at your father's grave. But you so often have been absent from my school during the past year, that now, in its last weeks, it requires my constant presence; and, with other interests, will detain me here till after the middle of the month. I would gladly join hands with you about the green mound of your father, whom I knew and loved so well; and it would especially please me to make acquaintance with yourself, since you have proved so well your right to inherit your father's name. I trust that I may still have that pleasure, and that you will visit Concord before you return to Ohio; for Concord now claims, with your own Ashutaba County, the honor of protecting white men, at least, from Southern oppression; and you have many friends here who honor you, but have never seen you. I should like, too, to see Owen, whom I met some year since; and Jason, who, like yourself, is a stranger to me. Indeed, any of your family are now as kindred to me, for your father, I think, loved me almost as a son, and I am sure I honored and loved him as a father. I look upon your celebration of the day as well-nigh the only one that will be properly made in the whole country. Most of us have no right to read the Declaration of Independence, for its magnificent periods are to us but "glittering generalities," as a New England sophist used to say; but to the family of John Brown, it is the true charter of liberty, to which your father has added some marginal notes. I wish I could write an ode worthy to be sung by you that day, but you need for that the genius of Burns, or of the enthusiast who wrote and set to music the *Marseilles Hymn* of freedom. I may, however, offer you a sentiment for your public dinner:—

Thomas Jefferson and John Brown. The one came from Virginia to write the Declaration of Independence, and the other, and the other, published the best commentary on it. Posterity will forget neither, though Virginia forgets both.

Truly yours, F. B. SANBORN.

The following vigorous and beautiful original hymn, written by Mr. Sanborn for this occasion, was also read by the Secretary, as it was not possible to arrange music for it at the time:—

Eternal hills! that rise around
To guard the consecrated ground;
Ye ancient woods that o'er us wave,
Oh, hear us! and for aye record
Till deeds redeem our pious word,
The voice we offer at the grave!

We swear, by him who lies below—
Whose death the justice, sure and slow,
Of God's great law shall yet repay—
Ever to hold his memory dear,
And follow him in that career
Where he, unfaltering, showed the way.

Be ours the slave's neglected cause;
No golden bribe, no goddess laws,
Shall tempt our heart or check our hand;
Firm to resist the tyrant's power,
Swift to attack when dawns the hour,
For righteous Liberty we stand.

Too well we love our father's fame,
Too keenly feel our country's shame,
To vex with boasts this mountain air—
With pride we tell our glories past,
On thee our fears and hopes we cast,
Just God! by Thee our oaths we swear.

From a true friend of the cause I have the following:—

Boston, July 1, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that pressing business engagements will prevent me from accepting your invitation in behalf of the family of John Brown, to be present at North Elba on the Fourth, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, and unite in reaffirming, over the grave of the Martyr of Virginia, the truth of the doctrines of the Declaration before the world.

Yielding to no one in admiration and in veneration of the high moral and religious character, the self-sacrificing spirit, the heroic and unswerving devotion to the cause of Freedom and humanity which marked the life of John Brown, it would afford me great pleasure to be present on the above occasion, and to lend at least the sanction of my presence to the great principles which he so faithfully and fearlessly defended, and in the maintenance of which he cheerfully surrendered his valuable life.

Very truly yours,

C. H. BRAINARD.

To JAMES REDPATH, Esq.

MR. PRESIDENT. There is another name that is spoken on this day—the name of one whose voice we had hoped to hear forth with its burning utterances on this occasion. He is not with us; but in his place comes this massive, charged full of the fiery magnetism of his tropical nature. Among the first of the letters read, was one from a Douglas; the one I am about to read is from another of the same clan—not the Little Giant of Illinois, but the Black one of New York—Frederick Douglass:—

ROCHESTER, June 29, 1860.

JAMES REDPATH, Esq.: My Dear Sir,—Your kind note, inviting me to meet with yourself and other friends on the 4th of July, at North Elba, came into my hands only yesterday. Had it reached me only a day or two earlier, I certainly should have complied with it. Very gladly would I assemble with you and others on that revolutionary day, to do honor to the memory of one whom I regard as the man of this nineteenth century. Little, indeed, can you and I do to add lustre to his deathless fame, but I do so add lustre to his life by a life of spotless integrity and sealed by his blood, are self-dedicated. His name is covered with a glory so bright and enduring, as to require nothing at our

hands to increase or perpetuate it. Only for our own sake, and that of enslaved and imbruted humanity, we assemble. To have been acquainted with John Brown, shared his councils, enjoyed his confidence, and sympathized with the great objects of his life and death, I esteem as among the highest privileges of my life. We do but honor ourselves in doing honor to him, for it implies the possession of qualities akin to his.

I have little hope of the freedom of the slave by peaceful means. A long course of peaceful slaveholding has placed the slaveholders beyond the reach of moral and humane considerations. They have neither ears nor hearts for the appeals of justice and humanity. While the slave will tamely submit his neck to the yoke, his back to the lash, and his ankle to the fetter and chain, the Bible will be needed, and learning invoked to justify slavery. The only reasonable point of a tyrant is the fear of death. The outcry that they make, as to the danger of having their throats cut, is because they know they deserve to have them cut. The efforts of John Brown and his brave associates, though apparently unavailing, have done more to upset the logic and shake the security of slavery, than all other efforts in that direction for twenty years.

The sleeping dust, over which myself and friends propose to meet on the 4th, cannot be revived; but the noble principles and disinterested devotion which he embodied, and which he so bravely defended, lay down his life will never die. They are all the more potent for his death.

Not unwisely are the eyes and hearts of the American slaves and their friends turned to the lofty peaks of the Alleghenies. The innumerable glens, canyons, and peaks of exalted slavery, than all other efforts in that direction for twenty years. The sleeping dust, over which myself and friends propose to meet on the 4th, cannot be revived; but the noble principles and disinterested devotion which he embodied, and which he so bravely defended, lay down his life will never die. They are all the more potent for his death.

Very truly, FREDK DOUGLASS.

In conclusion, Mr. President, I desire to read the manuscript I hold. It was handed to me at Concord, with a note, while on my way here, by one whom all must honor who know him—Henry D. Thoreau. Of a fearless, truthful soul, living near to Nature, with ear attuned to catch her simplest and most subtle thought, and heart willing to interpret them to his eager brain, he often speaks undisguisedly, in most nervous Saxon, the judgment upon great events which others, either timid or powerless of speech, so long to hear expressed. So it was last fall. Mr. Thoreau's voice was the first which broke the disgraceful silence or hushed the senseless babble with which the grandest deed of our time was met. Herein, Mr. Thoreau gives some recollections of that eventful period:—

John Brown's career for the last six weeks of his life was meteor-like, flashing through the darkness in which we live. I know of nothing so miraculous in our history.

If any person, in a lecture or conversation at that time, cited any ancient or modern heroism, such as Cato or Tell or Winkelried, passing over the recent deeds and words of Brown, it was felt by any intelligent audience of Northern men to be tame and inexpressibly far-fetched.

For my own part, I commonly attend more to nature than to man, but any stirring human event may blind our eyes to natural objects. I was so absorbed in him as to be surprised whenever I detected the routine of the natural world surviving still, or met persons going about their affairs indifferent. It appeared strange to me that the "little dipper" should be still divine quietly in the river, as of yore; and it seemed that this bird might continue to live here when Concord should be no more.

I felt that he, a prisoner in the midst of his enemies, and under sentence of death, consumed more wisely than all his countrymen beside. He best understood his position; he contemplated it most calmly. Comparatively, all other men, North and South, were beside themselves. Our thoughts could not rest to man, but any stirring human event may blind our eyes to natural objects. I was so absorbed in him as to be surprised whenever I detected the routine of the natural world surviving still, or met persons going about their affairs indifferent. It appeared strange to me that the "little dipper" should be still divine quietly in the river, as of yore; and it seemed that this bird might continue to live here when Concord should be no more.

Years were not required for a revolution of public opinion; days, many, produced marked changes in this case. Fifty ways were offered to publish, into our meeting in honor of him in Concord, that he ought to be hung, would not say it when they came out. They heard his words read, they saw the earnest faces of the congregation; and perhaps they joined at last in singing the hymn in his praise.

The order of instructors was reversed. I heard that one preacher, who at first was shocked and stood aloof, felt obliged at last, after he was hung, to make him the subject of a sermon, in which, to some extent, he eulogized the man, but said that his act was a failure. An Indiana preacher, who thought it necessary, after the services, to tell his grown-up pupils, that at first he thought as the preacher did then, but now he thought that John Brown was right. But it was understood that his pupils were as much ahead of the teacher, as he was ahead of the priest; and I know for a certainty, that very little boys at home had already asked their parents, in a tone of surprise, why God did not interfere to save him. In each case, the constituted teachers were only half conscious that they were not *leading*, but being *dragged*, with some loss of time and power.

The more conscientious preachers, the Bible men, they who talk about principle, and doing to others as you would that they should do unto you,—how could they fail to recognize him, by far the greatest preacher of them all, with the Bible in his life and in his acts, the embodiment of principle, who really carried out the golden rule? All whose moral sense had been aroused, who had a calling from on high to preach, sided with him. What confessions he extracted from the cold and conservative! It is remarkable, but on the whole it is well, that it did not prove the occasion for a new sect of *Brownites* being formed in our midst.

They, whether within the Church or out of it, who adhere to the spirit and let go the letter, and are accordingly called infidel, were as usual foremost to recognize him. Men have been hung in the South before for attempting to rescue slaves, and the North was not much stirred by it. Whence, then, this wonderful difference? We were not so sure of their devotion to principle. We made a subtle distinction, forgot human laws, and did homage to the spirit. The North, I mean the living North, was suddenly all transformed. The old religion behind the human law, it went behind the apparent failure, and recognized eternal justice and glory. Commonly men live according to a formula, and are satisfied if the order of law is observed, but in this instance they, to some extent, returned to original perceptions of truth, and there was a slight revival of old religion. They saw that what was called order was confusion, what was called justice, injustice, and that the best was deemed the worst. This attitude suggested a more intelligent and generous spirit than that which actuated our forefathers, and the possibility, they read his letters and speeches as a revelation in behalf of another and an oppressed people.

Most Northern men, and a few Southern ones, were wonderfully stirred by Brown's behavior and words. They saw and felt that they were heroic and noble, and that there had been nothing quite equal to them in their kind in this country, or in the recent history of the world. But the minority were unmoved by them. They were only surprised and provoked by the attitude of their neighbors. They saw that Brown was brave, and that he believed that he had done right, but they did not detect any further peculiarity in him. Not being accustomed to make fine distinctions, or to appreciate magnanimity, they read his letters and speeches as if they read them not. They were not aware when they approached a heroic statement—they did not know when they burned. They did not feel that he spoke with authority, and hence they only remembered the old formula, but did not hear the new revelation. The man who does not recognize in Brown's words a wisdom and nobleness, and therefore an authority, superior to our laws, is a modern Democrat. This is the test by which to discover him. He is not willfully but constitutionally blind on this side, and he is consistent with himself. Such have seen his past life; no doubt of it. In like manner he has read history and his Bible, and he accepts

or seems to accept, the last only as an established formula, and not because he has been convicted by it. You will not find kindred sentiments in his common-place book, if he has one.

When a noble deed is done, who is likely to appreciate it? They who are noble themselves. I was much surprised that certain of my neighbors, disciples of John Brown as an ordinary felon, for who are they? They have either much flesh, or much office, or much coarseness of some kind. They are not ethical natures in any sense. The dark qualities predominate in them. Several of them are decidedly psychodermatous. I say it in sorrow, not in anger. How can a man behold the light, who has no answering inward light? They are true to their right, but when they look this way they see nothing, they are blind. For the children of the light to contend with them is as if there should be a contest between eagles and owls. Show me a man who feels bitterly toward John Brown, and let me hear what noble verse he can repeat. He'll be as dumb as if his lips were stone.

It is not every man who can be a Christian, even in a very moderate sense, whatever education you give him. It is a matter of constitution and temperament, after all. He may have to be born again many times. I have known many a man who pretended to be a Christian, in whom it was ridiculous, for he had no genius for it. It is not every man who can be free, even.

Editors persevered for a good while in saying that Brown was crazy; but at last they said only that it was a "crazy scheme," and the only evidence brought to prove it that it cost him his life. I have no doubt that if he had gone with five thousand, instead of a thousand slaves, killed a hundred or two slaveholders, and had as many more killed on his own side, but not lost his own life, these same editors would have called it by a more respectable name. Yet he has been far more successful than that. He has liberated many thousands of slaves, both North and South. They seem to have known that he was living, or dying for a principle. They all called him crazy now; who calls him crazy now?

All through the excitement occasioned by his remarkable attempt and subsequent behavior, the glossiness of his manner, not taking account of the defence of his citizens who were likely to be carried to Virginia as witnesses and exposed to the violence of a slaveholding mob, was wholly absorbed in a liquor-agency question, and indulging in poor jokes on the word "extension." Bad spirits seemed to be abroad, and the only remedy was man up to the occasion could have attended to that question at all at that time,—a very vulgar question to attend to at any time.

When I looked into a liturgy of the Church of England, printed near the end of the last century, I found that a service applicable to the case of Brown, I found that the only martyr recognized and provided for by it was King Charles the First, an eminent scamp. Of all the inhabitants of England and of the world, he was the only one, according to this authority, whom that church had made a saint. I was not a little surprised to find that it had celebrated his martyrdom, called by an annual service. What a satire on the Church is that!

Look not to legislatures and churches for your guidance, nor to any soulless incorporated bodies, but to inspired or inspired men, because they have studied grammar and rhetoric; but think again, and to the earnest and free man. In a comparatively unlearned and unlettered man wrote within six weeks. Where is our professor of belles lettres, who is a student of English, and who is a student of logic and rhetoric, who is a student of the world, like Raleigh, but an American book which I think will live longer than that. I do not know of such words, uttered under such circumstances, and so copiously withal, in Roman or English or any other language, that a variety of words be touched on in that short space; but the people in your midst, that letter to his wife, respecting the education of his daughters, which deserve to be framed and hung over every mantelpiece in the land. Compare this earnest wisdom with that of Poor Richard.

The fact of living, which any other time would have attracted universal attention, having occurred while the things were transpiring, went almost unobserved. I shall have to read of it in the biography of authors. Literary gentlemen, editors and critics, think and write as they are trained to write, because they have studied grammar and rhetoric; but they are egregiously mistaken. The art of composition is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its master-pieces imply an infinitely greater force behind them. This unlettered man's speaking and writing are standard English. Some of them have studied grammar and rhetoric; but they are egregiously mistaken. The art of composition is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its master-pieces imply an infinitely greater force behind them. This unlettered man's speaking and writing are standard English. Some of them have studied grammar and rhetoric; but they are egregiously mistaken. 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POETRY.

CELEBRATION AT NORTH ELBA.

(The following lines were written, on reading the notice of a celebration, on the 4th of July, at North Elba, N. Y., over the grave of JOHN BROWN, at which John Brown, Jr. read the Declaration of Independence, and Simon Brown, the youngest son, read the Sermon on the Mount, by AUGUSTINE CALDWELL, a student in the Normal School, Bridge-water.)

Merry bells that day were ringing—
Over every hill and dale,
Shout of mirth and song of gladness
Floated on the passing gale.

Yet, methinks, that they who gathered
Kindly round that hallowed mound,
Little cared for mirth and gladness,
Or the trumpet's joyous sound.

Higher thoughts their souls pervaded,
While they read those words of trust,
Writ by men whose daring spirit
Raised a nation from the dust.

As they listened to the teachings
Of the blessed Master here,
Soothingly those lines so tender
Must have fallen on the ear.

He who slept that day beneath them,
Took those precepts to his heart;
Their true spirit had pervaded
And ennobled every part.

Christ's dear little ones he labored
Fervently and well to win;
Every man he called his brother—
Claimed the world wide as his kin.

But his mild and gentle spirit
Did for him most kindly feel,
Who was crushed with heavy burdens—
Felt the yoke on 'heart and heel.'

He had heard the piteous prayer,
Seen the whip and heard the blow;
I was his most noble life-work
To redeem him from his woe.

Would his mantle might fall on us,
And we catch his spirit true;
Forward go, and waver never—
Boldly in his steps pursue.

Now he sleeps, let us grow firmer,
Careful lest our spirits quit—
God is just—His arm is mighty—
And the Right shall yet prevail.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

Eighteen hundred and sixty years
Of Christward leverage under the spheres;
And what is the thing that now appears?

Troops of golden prophecies come
Up from the bountiful martyrdom
That struck the jeering world so dumb:

Wherefore, far on the outer verge
Of tangled cycles of sorrow and surge,
Where 'mid the passionate Ages surge,

I catch the shining of those white days
For which the Universe means and prays—
Soft hours wherein is no disprize.

But what of beautiful and of sweet
Doth the earth, made green by touch of His feet,
Yield to the Holy Paraclete?

The lips of a glorious brotherhood
Fling to the Jasper gates of God
A cry that sounds as a voice of blood.

Under the clear compassionate skies
Two men glare in each other's eyes;
And yet they are not enemies:

Amethyst pure are their affluent veins;
Royal their strength of loins and reins;
Dark their glances gleams and stains.

Poet, whose super-sensual ken
Cleaves to the souls of things and men;
Where was your scorn of seeming then?

Priest, in the shadow of the Cross,
Naming the things of the earth for dross,
Why did you stand at such utter loss?

Mother-queen of the isles and seas,
Throned in purple regalities;
You, with your children round your knees,

Singing of love and of innocence—
Where was your law's just vehemence,
And where your own large woman-sense?

The poet withheld his awful breath:
The craven priest was still as death;
He did not whisper of Nazareth.

The Queen as silent: the strong law slept;
And a roar of horrible laughter leapt
From the throat of Hell to the heavens that wept.

Eighteen hundred and sixty years
Of Christward leverage under the spheres;
And this is the thing that now appears.

RICHARD REAF.

WE republish the following felicitous tribute to the memory of a dearly beloved friend and an early coadjutor, in order to correct some errors which marked its first publication, a few weeks since.—[Ed. Lib.]

THE SLAVE'S FRIEND.

A Tribute to the Memory of Ellis Gray Loring.

What spell of tenderness hath touched
The 'golden lips' to-day?
Why bend the poor and rich alike,
Above you prostrate clay?

In no vain words of praise respond!
The memory of his deeds,
Enshrined in faithful hearts, is all
The eulogy he needs.

Let Love, bereaved, pour forth his tears
Where Auburn's willows wave,
Let Nature's flower-wreath bloom and fade
Around his new-made grave!

Then write his name, his simple name,
On marble white and fair,
And let the stranger, let the slave,
Pay grateful tribute there.

The slave? alas! As may not dare
Beside this grave to rest,
He may not moisten with his tears
The turf on Lorenzo's breast.

Oh, Time! lead gently with the dust
That consecrates that mound,
Till the freed bondman's pilgrim feet
Shall tread the hallowed ground.

Then, wake the bard, whose Heaven-taught strain
Shall truth itself inspire,
And let him make the name we love
The burden of his lyre!

FLOWERS.

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God.

When spring, singing the hymns of gladness,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what He had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

THE LIBERATOR.

THE PRESENT LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONALISM.

The world moves. Notwithstanding the increase of some sorts of vice and evil, there is a constant progress, among civilized nations, in material, intellectual and spiritual things.

The Church also moves, being unable to resist the influence of that which it calls, reproachfully, 'the world.' But it moves by a force from without, slowly, and at intervals, and only, as it were, by a dragging of the anchors with which its clerical leaders have attempted to 'fix' it in steady resistance to the stream of progress. The position and influence of these clerical leaders, and the position of the Church, so far as it yields to their guidance, are so well displayed in the Report of the Fifty-Eighth Annual Meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts, held last month at Holliston, that an abstract of some portions of it is herewith submitted.

'Narratives of the State of Religion' were given from twenty-seven districts. In seventeen of these is reported either the entire absence or the very limited occurrence of 'revivals,' and in eight more there was such a silence upon the subject as necessarily implies a similar state of things. In only five of these twenty-seven districts is any progress of the people in practical reform alluded to; and it is noticeable that all these five are districts where there have been few or no 'revivals.' Where the Church has been strongest, real improvement of character has been least manifest.

This almost entire cessation of 'revivals' is thus corroborated in the report of the 'Statistical Series.' He says—'Last year, the streams had been swollen by the meetings of the Sun of Righteousness. This year, the churches have hardly held their own; in fact, the 76,784 members of last year are slightly reduced.'

In precise accordance with the statistical statements from these two sources, were the following representations in the 'Pastoral Letter.' In connection with the mention of the 'almost unprecedented absence of revivals of religion in the churches during the last year,' it was asked in that Letter (in reference to the daily prayer-meetings which were established in many places in the time of 'the great revival')—

'Where are those prayer-meetings now? Why, indeed, are they nearly all abandoned?'

It was, however, thought not well to have such a representation as this sent out to the churches, and the 'Pastoral Letter' was referred back to the Committee for amendment. It was subsequently adopted, after having been 'so modified as to express the view that there has been a sensible increase of interest generally in the stated prayer-meetings during the past year.'

Those who have noticed the readiness with which these men use falsehood in opposition to the promoters of theological and practical reform, will hardly be surprised at finding it used for the general promotion of their own policy.

One exercise of the Association was a discussion on the question—'What are the special dangers or need of the pulpit in New England at the present time?' The various answers given to this question, if they give no other light, illustrate the position of the Orthodox clergy of Massachusetts in the year 1860.

Rev. B. F. Clark thought the greatest want was more of Christ.

Rev. E. P. Marvin thought the 'doctrines' should be preached clearly. 'We must reason with the people, if we would convince them that they are lost.'

Rev. Dr. Todd said, 'It seemed to him that the pulpit of New England, at present, was too much under the power of the secular press. All the magazines, and many of the papers, assumed to instruct the clergy, and he thought there was danger of an undue influence from this source. How many times, he would ask, had his brethren preached, the past year, on the woes of the lost, and on what are called the severe doctrines?'

Rev. A. Ballard thought that 'one of the first things was for a minister to keep his own heart.' 'More perfect confidence in the promises of God was also needed.'

Rev. Horace James 'would have more expository preaching—more preaching upon the parables, the tours of St. Paul,' &c.

No other speaker upon this subject was reported. The following question was then taken up; and the speakers upon it are thus reported by the *Congregationalist*:—

'Is there anything to be desired, and, if anything, what, in the conducting of our religious newspapers?'

Dr. Todd said he should like to talk on the question, but he was afraid he should be printed. (Laughter.) He should be glad to see less personality and acerbity than was sometimes exhibited. Sometimes editors were unkind, and almost savage and unchristian toward one another. It was his duty to have our papers thus battling with one another. The divisions among us were to a great measure, he thought, made by the religious press. Several of Dr. Todd's allusions brought out hearty laughter, especially an anecdote which he told of a lawyer, who, in speaking of the New York *Observer* and the *Independent*, said the former had fallen from grace, and the latter had never been converted.

Rev. E. W. Clark criticised the insertion of advertisements unsuitable to be read in the family. He had lately noticed in two religious papers an advertisement of Spalding's Prepared Glue, in which a story was told of a dog that ran against a stick, and was cut into two pieces; but by the application of this glue was put together again. The parts, however, were not stuck together the same size up, but this enabled the dog, when he got tired on one side, to turn over and run a-while in the other. (Loud laughter.) Such statements he thought hardly comported with the dignity of a religious newspaper.

Rev. E. G. Little, of North Middleboro', objected to the publication of patent medicine advertisements, and he wished such a sentiment might go out from this body and the religious community as would put a stop to it.

Rev. Erasmus Colton, of East Hampton, thought it was inexpedient for religious papers to refer to local matters, such as church difficulties, as it only did harm to spread these things out before the community.

Rev. Dr. Albrow, of Cambridge, suggested that correspondents furnished objectionable articles and statements sometimes. It was not uncommon to see in one issue a contradiction of facts stated in a previous number. This was wrong, and more care should be taken to state matters correctly, if at all.

Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst, thought the people had a responsibility in this matter, for it was only to gratify a disposition for novelty and excitement on the part of readers that most of the objectionable matter was printed.

Rev. L. Dickerman, of Dorchester, suggested that papers ought to be more careful in giving credit to the sources from whence they might copy articles, and thus keep better than some of them now do the eighth commandment.

Rev. Mr. Tucker, of Holliston, said that, in the view of some, at least, the plan of reporting short discussions was objectionable, and nothing short of a transgression of the fourth commandment.

Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of New York, thought not a member was allowed to speak by the courtesy of the Association. He had been connected with the press thirty-two years, and he believed they would bear him witness that he had endeavored to deal honestly and impartially with all. It was the duty to catch and respond to the thoughts of the people that made a paper successful.

Whether or not the Rev. Joshua Leavitt was called out by the hit at the *Independent*, administered by the previous speaker, we have now this suggestion, presented by the senior 'Office Editor' of that paper, as the key to 'successful' editorship of a re-

ligious paper: 'ECHO THE EXISTING IDEAS OF THE PUBLIC, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TEACH THEM BETTER ONES.'

One of the evenings of this meeting of the General Association was devoted to the honor and glory of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, preparing the way for the semi-centennial celebration of its establishment, which was to take place in Bradford, two days later. The following statements, I suppose, give a correct historical account of the way in which the A. B. C. F. M. was originally cut and dried:—

'Rev. A. H. Quint read extracts from the early records of the Board. It was fifty years ago yesterday, he said, since the meeting of the General Association at Bradford, which took the initiative steps for the organization of the Board.'

Rev. S. B. Treat, one of the Secretaries of the Board, said that fifty years ago to-day, two men well known, and of ecclesiastical standing, were on their way to the meeting of the Association at Bradford, and on the way, they were conversing about the long, cumbersome name, had its origin in the conversation of that hour. Forming a plan in their own minds, they pressed it upon the Association with so much force that their proposition was carried into execution.'

The way in which secular history becomes transformed into sacred history—the way in which natural events, under priestly guidance, come to be reputed miraculous and divine—is well displayed in what was said of this very transaction by Rev. Dr. Worcester of Salem, at the Bradford meeting, two days after. The report of his sermon on that occasion—in this very number of the *Congregationalist*—says:—

'All controversy as to the question, What man was most active in securing the formation of this Board? was deprecated. God was its proper author. To him belonged the praise.'

The closing devotion was devoted to the preaching of the 'Associational Sermon,' and to the 'Communion Service,' both of which the Report represents as 'some what tedious.'

A brief editorial notice of this Anniversary (in the same paper) speaks of it as 'unusually pleasant and delightful.' From 176 to 200 clergymen were present. The morning prayer-meetings were prominent features of interest. The action upon almost every vote was unanimous, and there was no approach to acrimony or bitterness in any of the discussions.

A similar testimony to the harmony of these 200 ministers was borne by Rev. Justin Perkins, the missionary to Persia, who many years ago, exerted himself to awaken his clerical brethren and their churches to the sin and danger involved in slavery, but who has succumbed to the pro-slavery influence of the Board, and has lately been laboring, with its Secretaries, to obtain enlarged contributions to its treasury. His address on this occasion was made for this purpose, and—

'In closing, he said he had always felt a pride in hailing from Massachusetts, the glory of all lands. He expressed gratification to find the pastors of the State so well united on the reforms of the day, especially on the great evil of oppression.'

The harmony thus boasted of is a united and unanimous ignoring of the need that any action in regard to slavery should be proposed by the ministry, or carried into effect by the people. In this long report of the proceedings of two-and-a-half days, occupying nearly a page of the *Congregationalist*, I find only three other allusions to the subject of slavery, all of them as incidental as the above. They are harmonious in evading that subject. If any one of these 'ministers of the Gospel' (as they call themselves) entertained the private opinion that the oppression of four millions of slaves in this country is something worse than the advertising of 'Spalding's Prepared Glue' in a religious newspaper—he prudently kept it to himself, and would not risk the harmony of the Association by proposing to help them. It is thus that the clergy are 'united,' alike in regard to this and to the other most important reforms of the day.'

One of these reforms—one of the movements most important to our social, intellectual, moral and religious welfare—is the existing demand for the Rights of Women. Surely, it would not be dangerous or evil in any way to give women their rights! Yet, owing mainly to the position of the clergy upon this subject, not only are those rights pertinaciously refused, but the very phrase which recognizes and demands them has become a laughing-stock; a theme for small wits, masculine and feminine, to exercise their satire upon.

In the very number of the *Congregationalist* reporting the meeting above referred to, the leading editorial article is a reply to a communication signed 'A Pastor's Wife,' of which the following is the more important portion:—

'Mr. Editor: allow me to ask a few plain questions in regard to the rights of female members of Congregational churches. We may not understand Congregationalism, or Congregational usage, so well as some of our liege lords, but, be it as it may, it is important for us to know our rights, and what we join when we join a church of the church.'

1. In whom, or what body, lies the power of calling or dismissing a minister?

2. If this power is in the church, as in some cases exclusively, of what is the church composed?

3. When females join, are they entitled to all its privileges, or only a part of them? If the latter, what?

4. What does this passage in our covenant mean:—'We, the members of this church, affectionately receive you to our communion, and, in the name of Christ, declare you ENTITLED TO ALL ITS PRIVILEGES.'

To this the Reverend editor replies:—

'We will endeavor to answer the above questions, in order, according to the light we have, and will then append a remark or two, suggested by them.'

1. A Congregational church is the only body which has the ultimate power to call and settle, or dismiss, its pastor. Where an ecclesiastical society exists in affiliation with it, that society must take concurrent action with the church; but its action cannot be binding on the church, as the church is the church, and the society is only a society.

2. The church is composed of all persons who have been admitted to it in the ordinary way, and who have not ceased to be members, by reason of dismission and reception elsewhere, excommunication, or death. It does not follow, however, necessarily, that because a person is a member of a church, that person has a right to vote in it—for a pastor, or in any other business. Members who have taken letters to other churches, but who have not yet been admitted upon them, ought not to vote, except upon surrender of the letters. Members, under excommunication or suspension, have no right to vote! We believe that females have no right to vote, because we regard the New Testament as explicitly discountenancing such a procedure.

3. Females, in joining a church, become entitled 'to all its privileges,' to which females are entitled by the great charter of the church—the New Testament. Very few members of any church are, in the strictest sense, entitled 'to all its privileges.' It is one of 'its privileges' to be its pastor, another to be its deacon; yet very few of its members are, by gifts and graces, 'entitled' to them.

4. That passage means what it says, interpreted by the Scriptures and by common sense.

The despotic disposition manifested by the first of these remarks, saying that the 'society' must take concurrent action with the 'church'—and the mixture of transparent sophistry with unpeepable impudence in the second, third and fourth items, are worthy of particular attention.

After further comments upon a case stated by 'A Pastor's Wife,'—in which the (female) majority in a church found their wishes and their rights utterly disregarded—ending with the emphatic question, 'Is this Congregationalism?'—the Reverend editor proceeds:—

'As this whole matter pivots upon the right and expediency of voting in the business of the church by the female members, we will add a few further words upon that subject. We believe it to be

unnecessary, unscriptural, unecumenical, and inexpedient, for the female members of the church to exercise actively in its business, and to assume the responsibility of voting in its affairs.'

1. It is unnecessary that females should vote in the business of the church. We do not here allude, of course, to an exceptional case, such as where the entire male membership might be removed by death; but we mean in ordinary churches, and at ordinary times. If the female members vote, they must either vote with the male members, or against them. If they vote with them, their vote will not alter the result, and is unnecessary. If against them, it must be for reasons which they can state 'to their husbands at home.' If they are bad reasons, they ought not to modify the opinion of the males; and if they are good reasons, they will be almost sure privately to do so, and thus, quietly, work such a revolution in the male votes as to render any female votes unnecessary.

2. It is unscriptural. Paul says, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, (14: 34, 35), 'Let your women keep silent in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also the Lord. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church, as the Lord's church, which is the body of Christ, the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth; unto which he hath committed himself, and himself saved the church, by his own blood, to cleanse it to himself by the word of his own water with the word of his own water, to present it to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'

Moreover, the New Testament particularly specifies 'the brethren' as those who act on church questions. They (Acts 6: 3) were to 'look out' seven men of honest report to be deacons; and this, although the trouble calling for their election had been the dispute about the Grecian widows. In the discussion at Antioch which led to the Council at Jerusalem, (Acts 15: 1-30), it was 'the brethren' who sent greeting with the apostles and elders; and that greeting was sent to 'the brethren'—it was 'the brethren' who were 'exhorted with many words' (Gal. 1: 2) at Ephesus, and 'the brethren' who were 'let go in peace'; and 'the brethren' who recommended Paul and Silas 'to the grace of God.' It was 'the brethren' (Acts 17: 10) who sent Paul and Silas away from Beroa; 'the brethren' (Acts 18: 27) who wrote the epistle which forbade to do away with the Apollos; 'the brethren' (Acts 21: 17) who received Paul gladly at Jerusalem. 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